

DEPLORABLE STATE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE frankness with which you permit suggestions to appear in the columns of your journal, emboldens me to solicit your permission to direct the attention of the public to the state of the exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the hope that something will be done to check the gradual decay of the finely-proportioned entablatures, pediments, and other portions, which decay is being daily augmented through want of a proper precaution against the destructive action of the atmosphere. In the present instance I am not so much urging a restoration of the many obliterated ornamental mouldings, vases, &c. as that of preventing the rain penetrating the innumerable open joints of the masonry. No person can walk round the cathedral without observing the absence of cementing matter between the stones: for example, the western pediment, the north and south porticoes, the south front next Paul's chain, the west front of the south transept, and the balustrades, have all open joints and many open settlements, which are daily admitting the rain and moisture. I beg to recommend that these joints be neatly stopped, and pointed with a Portland or other cement, to accord with the colour of the stone, but on no account with compe, or Roman cement, which has formerly been too freely applied. If a charge of sixpence were made for each ticket to view the interior (now it is illuminated), the cost would be soon met.

W. P. GRIFFITH.

THE SPECTRE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

In the mist of Thursday morning, long before a gleam of sunlight paled the lamps, the Spirit of Britons was astir in the village of Charing,—turbid masses were crowding every access, and even the house-tops showed a moving sea of mortal life—the column stood majestic, half revealed, its head still shrouded in the mournful night.

Contemplating the scene from Martin's porch, a voice unearthly seemed to emanate from the stone effigy that crowns the pile: unlike the tones of life, each sentence fell in petrifying periods on the ear—heard, perhaps, but by few.

"Ho! Hardy, whence this row? See! all my pensioners are on the move: troops—blue-jackets—and Horse-guards, all astir! What of the Admiralty? The telegraph is still! No indication there of victory—nor action!

My glass.

What do I see—a Roman triumph? No; a bier—a warrior, half panoplied in state, with blazonry and pomp—laurels and flags; but chiefly the device '*Virtutis fortuna comes*.'

'Tis well. A nation's gratitude is best evinced by pageants such as these: they honour most themselves by a just tribute to a hero's worth. The legend is significant: what if 'twere mine? It were more fitting than the one I chose—'*Ille palmam qui meruit ferat*.'

Had Fortune linked my life and last exploit—then England, grateful, would have honoured me! Her fame I only sought, and not the crown. To wear a diadem a man must live; but Fortune left me in the arms of death—a victor.

Hold! let me not complain. Yes, here is a memento done in stone, a monumental column high upraised; three of my battles, too, in perennial brass! How of the blank—the vacant tablet? The lions on the base—not chiselled yet! Still there's Trafalgar Square. No, no, I'm not forgotten,—they never can forget my talisman,—the signal of the fight which fast secured supremacy to Britain on seas,—England expects that every man will do his duty.'

Yet there was one bequest I left my country in the hour of death; for after her but one affection rooted in my heart,—it was my child, Horatia!

Her plaints have swelled to heaven, for she pines in indigence, the church to her no sanctuary."

Three shades from Hades joined the hero

now,—the noble Pellew, gallant Collingwood,—but all were silent, when devoted Byng, with finger to his lips, admonished them in pithy adage—"Comrades, ne'er expect rewards to lions dead."

A fourth wound up the scene,—'twas Glascock, who had lately joined the martyred navy: with arms crossed and lowered front, having pulled off his glory, the veteran in solemn accents said,—"Brave Admirals! your victories will ever live in fame; death shuts the gates of recompense on earth, but there's a higher aim;—for this I toiled and wrote—I said, when cautioned of my labour lost, 'Don't mind, 'twill tell aloft!'"

At half-past eight o'clock the procession summarily dispelled my vision or reverie. The Rifles most appropriately led the line in solemn step, and the "*mise en scène*" was admirably conceived,—but where were the companions in arms, many of whom, although decorated with many orders, are now out of the army? Several there are who served throughout the Peninsular campaign, and lastly at Waterloo, whose presence in their old uniforms would have added dignity and solemnity to the ceremonial: these veterans, worn and wounded (by more than bullets), marching in file, according to seniority, must have produced an effect which no pomp could supply. Some are retired to farms, cottages, and country quarters, who preserve only the rank—that is indelible. One I know, who, having been in Egypt, throughout the Peninsular, and at Waterloo (where he was wounded), is now an inmate of Mr. Huggins's Charity, near Gravesend! Such a homage by such a squadron would have touched the heart!

The last observation is as to the unseasonable hour chosen for the outset. It was cruel, and inhuman as it was unnecessary, to summon two millions of people from their beds before break of day,—and for what purpose? that the whole should be over before noon which was begun before day. In this there was a want of judgment in the authorities, as well as a gross absence of respect to the public; and many hundreds will have to deplore, in suffering and anguish, that day's endurance!

To be effective, a procession should be on foot; therefore more of an ovation, and less of a triumph, would have been more suitable.

BEN MIZEN.

STONE FOR CARRIAGE-WAYS.

I HAVE frequently remarked the slipperiness of the granite pavement in London under horses, and have been surprised that the use of such stone is continued. When iron heels for boots were in fashion, I found it very necessary to use caution in walking on the granite-flagged footways of Dublin, and sometimes, notwithstanding, made dangerous stumbles. I was soon aware of the cause. The hard smooth lumps of quartz imbedded in the softer felspar are soon made to project by the wearing away of the latter and present little round smooth surfaces, against which iron has very little friction. Hence it is no wonder that horses frequently fall on such pavements. These animals in London seem unable to take any hold of the ground. Their difficulty in drawing loads up an acclivity seems to arise more from the slipping of their feet than the resistance of the weight; hence I think arises the necessity for the great amount of animal power applied in London to the moving of moderate loads, which has often astonished me, and also for the putting on the drag on slight declivities. In Dublin, though there is abundance of granite of all degrees of hardness in the neighbourhood, it is never used for paving the carriage-ways of the streets. A black argillaceous limestone, of no good quality, in my opinion, is preferred, a stone of so little durability in buildings that I have sometimes pushed my umbrella several inches into it in the old walls leading to the Pigeon House, though if well selected it answers pretty well for architectural purposes. However, in the pavement it has none of the slipperiness of granite. Indeed, if we observe the good polish which granite exhibits in both Egyptian and modern sculp-

tures, we must see at once how unfit it is for contact of horse-shoes.

In Cork, the stone used for pavements is a variety of the old red sandstone, of which different stratifications differ both in quality and colour. They are generally either of a purplish or brownish red, or of a lighter colour, varying from grey to green. They also differ greatly in hardness and durability; but their qualities can be known at once from their appearance. The stone which breaks in solid masses with in general a right-angled fracture is very hard and durable. I never saw, in the oldest building, a stone of this kind which seemed to have yielded in the smallest degree to the action of the elements. In texture, also, it differs from the softer kinds: its surface is rough and gritty—qualities which, together with its hardness, peculiarly fit it for pavements. The other sort seems to have been originally formed of a finer material. It breaks with much more acute angles, and in flatter masses, sometimes in great flags, which are used as foundation stones, covering a large breadth of ground, and thereby preventing the wall raised upon them from sinking. This kind of stone, however, is much softer and less durable than the other, and also much smoother in its texture. Hence, it is much less fit for furnishing paving-stones. Some of it lasts very well in walls, some of it very badly, and, strange to say, not much better by being laid with its stratification in a flat position. As both kinds often occur in the same quarry, they are often used together in the same wall. I believe this is the case in the round tower of Clonyc, which is at least 700 years old and perhaps much more, yet the stones show no symptoms of decay. I should mention that both kinds—that is, the rough, solid, or hard, and the smooth, slaty, or soft kinds—may be of any of the colours before mentioned.

As stone is generally harder the deeper its situation in the quarry, so in making a tunnel at Cork for the Great Southern and Western Railway, under a hill of this rock, which is near 400 feet high, it seems that the stone is found of unusual hardness. At least it has been pronounced by one of the engineers to be the hardest stone he ever saw. I have been examining a great block of it blown out by gunpowder, half of it of the rough kind, and half of the smooth kind, adhering to each other, as one stone. To shape this kind of stone with the chisel is too difficult and expensive for this country, and therefore the paving stones are usually obtained on the sea coast, where they have been rolled into some sort of shape, as well as proved in their quality by having resisted, to a certain extent, the grinding operation of the sea. These are also harder than stones taken from the quarry, as is usual with all stones exposed for some time to the atmosphere. The interstices of the pavement are filled with earth, and the whole is covered with gravel of the same kind of stone, which the traffic forces into the interstices, and the surface soon becomes hard and never slippery. It must be confessed, indeed, that much of its safety may arise from the very imperfection of its construction. Such pavement, however, would soon be destroyed in the great thoroughfares of London. Its cost is only one shilling per square yard, that is, about one-fiftieth of the cost of the London pavement.

It seemed to me a strange sight when Blackfriars-bridge was altered, to make its roadway more level. In Cork or Dublin its former inclination would have produced no difficulty, no slipping of horses' hoofs going either up or down, and this must arise in a great degree, though not entirely, from the roughness of the stone. I should think there must be plenty of the old red sandstone in Devonshire and Scotland of the same quality as that which I have described, and which might be brought by railway to London, where boundless wealth would enable it to be hewn into rectangular blocks, as is now done in the case of the slippery granite. An alteration of this kind would render unnecessary the proposed viaduct at Highbury-hill, in London.

T.